

Z U M A,

A TRAGEDY,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR LE FEVRE.



Price Two Shillings.

1800

U M S

MAILED

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON

1864

Z U M A,

A TRAGEDY,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR LE FEVRE,

TRANSLATED

By Thomas Rodd.

Hæc illa potior quæ jacentis miserata est.
Dulcemque sponte præbet benevolentiam.
Facit parentes bonitas, non necessitas.

EX PHŒDRI FABULIS.

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U. M. A.

A. T. W. G. D. Y.

FROM THE BRANCH OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

TRAVELLING



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504.

LONDON:

1800

DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. MR. MARSHALL.

SIR,

AMONG the events of my life, which I recur to with the greatest pleasure, is the happiness of having gained an acquaintance with yourself and your truly amiable family. Suffer me, Reverend Sir, to increase my obligations, by laying *ZUMA* before you in an English dress, and to hope you will not be offended at the liberty I take of thus publishing to the world the respect and esteem I have for your learning, benevolence, and virtues.

I am, Reverend Sir,

With the truest respect,

Your most obliged,

and obedient humble servant,

THOMAS RODD.

GERRARD STREET,

August 27, 1800.

DEDICATION

TO THE REVEREND MR. WATKINS

Among the many of my friends
I count so with the greatest pleasure, to the
quaint of having passed an acquaintance with
yourself and your family, and I shall
not hesitate to say that I have been
greatly benefited by your kind and
to hope you will not be surprised to find
this of me, and I shall be glad to be
indicated to the world as a friend
and a friend of the family.

I am, Sir, your
Very truly,
Your most obliged
and affectionate friend,
THOMAS BODD

Great Street,
London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE English reader may, perhaps, not be displeased to compare ZUMA with the PIZARRO of KOTZEBUE; it is very evident he had this Play before him when he wrote it, and that ZUMA is the original of his Tragedy, as the similarity of the sentiments sufficiently proves. It is now fifteen years since, having some leisure from other pursuits that commanded my attention, I translated ZUMA, with some few other popular French Plays. How I have acquitted myself the public will best judge in the play now laid before them.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PIZARRO, a Spanish General.

ZELISKAR, his Brother.

FERNANDEZ, a Spanish Captain.

ZUMA, Widow of the last Inca of Peru.

AZELIA, her Daughter.

SPANISH and PERUVIAN Troops.

SCENE—Part of the Coast of Peru.

Z U M A,

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A forest. At the back of the stage some sloping rocks, and in the hollow of one a cavern. The sea is discovered in a corner of the scene, at a small distance from the rocks.*

ZUMA.

(Leaving the cavern, Azelia and Zelifkar on either side)

MY children, let us leave our dark abode:
Soon will the sun smile on the tranquil desert.
Yon orient clouds that tinge the mountain tops
Announce his glad return: come, let us pay
Our homage to the sovereign Lord of light,
And offer him the fairest of our vows.
This day, with happy auspices, he brings

The hour, when Hymen with a firmer bond
Shall join your hearts betroth'd in infancy.

(Turning towards the East)

Ruler of heav'n and earth, star I revere,
This peaceful hemisphere conceal from tyrants.
Thou knowest what my soul has undergone,
No more I press thee to avenge my wrongs:
But when a happier scene attracts my sight,
These gentle children's fond endearing love,
To comfort Zuma ever watch o'er them,
And let thy rays here only bless the good.

Aze. My parent, with this bounteous God you share
The vows of sweet respect and sacred awe;
Your care in this abode preserv'd for us
The best, the choicest blessings, peace and love.
Of broken sceptres and of glory's dreams
Here let oblivion bury every trace:
Reign over us; heaven, mov'd at your distress,
Left in your children's hearts more thrones than one.

Zel. Yes, Zuma, lady noble as rever'd,
Who in these lonely wilds didst guide the course
Of my forsaken helpless infancy,
To you I owe the sunshine of my days.
Whatever mortals gave Zeliskar being,
He never will regret his native soil.
Far more to Zuma is his life attach'd
Than to the unknown parents chance bestow'd.
In you a mother and a kindred live;
You join a daughter to these precious gifts,
And you alone, approving of my choice,

Can add new charms to this propitious day.
 Come then the moment when Azelia fair
 Shall with me in the sacred knot be join'd,
 We shall at th' altar purify our flames,
 Hallowing our union in the sight of heav'n.
 Not far from this lone desert, flight has led
 A tribe, that once submitted to your sway:
 It loves the Gods: the sword could not subdue
 Religion, morals, and humanity.
 It shall be witness to our happy wedlock,
 I will announce it to their noble chief,
 And with your former subjects soon return
 To be for ever bound to you and yours.

Zuma. My children, let your mother first impart
 The faithful story of our fortunes past;
 You know them but in part, 'twould ill have suited
 Your tender years to hear the full relation.

I reign'd; the subject people of Peru,
 Happy in me improv'd their fertile lands,
 Nor knew a wish beyond what they enjoy'd.
 The ancient ocean, washing all Peru,
 Sever'd my empire from a jealous world:
 But soon some strangers, lords of fire and thunder,
 Barbarians discord vomited on earth,
 Cleaving a passage through the vast abyfs,
 Astonish'd us with all the plagues of war.
 To carnage fierce Pizarro led the way.—
 A son of this vile monster, in his youth,
 Both in his actions and detested name
 Already a fit heir to such a fire,

Contending which should most surpass in crimes,
 Made his first victim my unhappy lord.
 With his dear blood I would have mingled mine,
 But that a sacred charge, as yet unborn,
 Made me prefer the miseries of life,
 That when a mother was no longer mine.
 Thus to these forests for my child I came;
 Flight led some faithful subjects after me,
 But worn by early grief, a prey to care,
 For ever I abjur'd a ravish'd crown.

One day (the memory pains me) as I stray'd
 Towards the sea, where often I was wont
 To breathe my sorrows to the moaning waves,
 I heard a cry; an infant on the beach
 Drew in long sighs its feeble plaintive voice,
 And I beheld him lying at my feet.
 Abandon'd in a corner of the world,
 A cradle near him, bloody, dash'd to pieces,
 He liv'd, and scarce e'en nature knew he liv'd.
 'Twas you, Zeliskar,—features, foreign dress,
 Proclaim'd you of our fierce invader's race.

Zel. To my misfortune!—

Zuma. Frantic and enrag'd
 I thought to slay you with my trembling hand.
 To what may vengeance not impel the injur'd!
 But your mild suppliant eyes, swimming in tears,
 Your out-stretch'd hands, your infancy's sweet charms,
 Together pleaded strong for gentle pity.
 Already e'en two monsters of the wood
 Had left their gloomy dens to guard your life,

Their instinct had rever'd the work of heav'n,
 And they condemn'd the fury I first breath'd.
 Humanity spoke warm, her powerful voice
 Can, as it pleases, interest the heart.
 I clasp'd you to my breast, forgot my wrongs,
 Received you as a present nature gave me.—
 'Tis said the Cacique of the neighb'ring tribe
 From our assassins stole you in revenge,
 And, as he fled, threw down his tender prey.
 This chief might well have told your parent's name,
 But I refus'd to hear it, dreading least
 Anger again should turn my love to hatred.—
 That love was shar'd between my child and you,
 United in my arms you form'd my all.
 O may I in this desolated clime
 Never again behold its cruel foe!
 My very soul abhors those wicked men,
 Who to despoil their brethren range the world,
 With fiery zeal, where'er they set a foot,
 Seeking to change religion, customs, laws;
 As if in the beginning nature's care
 Had not inspir'd a sacred sentiment
 Of true respect to God, a worship pure,
 Uniform, constant, written in the heart!
 My children, be humane, no higher praise
 Can man, the image of his Maker, give him.
 But go, Zeliskar, I no more detain you;
 Before the altar bid my subjects meet:
 Let them in you respect my royal race,
 Their master's son, his widow, and his heir.

I feel true pleasure, my fond bosom forms
Its best enjoyment when its makes you happy.

Zel. With wings of love I hasten—

*(Advances some steps, and sees Pizarro descending
slowly from the rocks)*

Gracious heaven!

Who is that stranger? wherefore comes he here?

From the high mountain slowly he descends;

His bent and pensive brow, his solemn march,

Bespeak the anguish of a troubl'd mind.

I feel my pity waken'd at his sight;

Let us afford our hospitable aid,

To sentiments like this I owe my life.

Come then, but ha! you seem to start with fear!

Whence the alarming paleness of your cheeks?

Axe. I tremble at his looks, and know not why.

Zuma. Anger and pity he at once inspires.

Zel. We honor heav'n in succouring a brother.

Zuma. I cannot shake it off, he fills my soul

With a confus'd idea of fear and hate.

Zel. 'Tis better to withdraw then from his sight.

I will inquire the story of his life,

And if we can but sooth a stranger's woes,

What happier fortune on my nuptial day?

Retire,—he comes.

Zuma. Azelia, follow me,

I tremble! *(Exit Zuma and Axe. to the cavern)*

SCENE II.

PIZARRO and ZELISKAR.

Piz. (following Axe. with his eyes)

Ha! I saw her,—racks and tortures!

Hapless Pizarro,—what resistless beauty!

Zel. Stranger, whate'er thou art, a wanderer

Whom milder fate has led to our retreat,

Thy sorrows have inspir'd my soul with pity;

The deepest anguish seems to rend thy bosom,

Which friendly motives prompt me to allay.

Tell me beneath what fatal woes thou groan'st?

Our shores, our woods, are not thy native soil,

Thy dress and features tell me the reverse.

But men, in whatsoever climes dispers'd,

Who share the light of one same glorious sun,

Are still ally'd by nature, still are brothers.

Piz. Amidst the tumults that distract my soul

Scarce did thy gentle accents reach mine ear.

From my companions, by a shipwreck driv'n,

A month I wander on this desert coast.

The Gods pursue me, in my bosom glows

A fatal poison, and it whirls my brain,

Cast on this shore, where I a brother seek,

I am—(but why this unavailing speech)

I am a wretched mortal! ask no more—

*Zel. It is enough to pity and console thee.**Piz. When on those shaggy rocks I first appear'd,*

There was a woman here: that woman fled,

And the young maiden with her,

Zel. It was Zuma.

Piz. Zuma! (*aside*) O powerful heav'n!

Zel. The same indeed

That guilty Europe has so long oppress'd,
She reign'd in wide Peru; her spring of life,
Once happy, was soon clouded with distress.
Her daughter stood beside her, the last hope—

Piz. (*aside*) Her daughter!—tyrant love!—forlorn
Pizarro!

Zel. What say'st thou? stranger, think not of thy sor-
rows,

Forget them in the bosom of the friend
The hand of chance has thus bestow'd on thee,
And let thy soul resume its tranquil state.
Thy cares, whate'er they are, may be assuag'd,
To Zuma, to my mother, I'll present thee.

Piz. Far, very far I wish to shun her presence!
I ought—

Zel. Perhaps thou thinkest she disdain'd thee?
Pardon the impulse of a wounded mind
That leads her to avoid the sight of men.
A stranger, newly cast upon our shore,
She cou'd not see thee without some mistrust.
But much thou seem'st to suffer: friendship mild
Unites with pity in her gentle bosom.

(*Going towards the cavern*)

Zuma, come forth, the stranger you have seen
Has known misfortune, and you need not fear him.
To melt our generous hearts to tender pity,
His rights are sacred—misery and tears.

Piz. (aside) She comes,—kind heaven banish from
her thought
The mem'ry of the woes my victory wrought.

SCENE III.

PIZARRO, ZELISKAR, and ZUMA.

Zuma. Unhappy stranger, judge not of me harshly,
By the suspicion fear at first infus'd.
Fortune, whose sad inconstancy, I've felt,
Makes me mistrustful, not insensible.
Of little use to beings I must hate,
I shun their presence to abhor them less,
And bury in eternal solitude
The sad remembrance of my former glory.
Of this vast clime, which partly own'd my sway,
Europe has made the firmest empires bend.
The universe unmov'd beheld my fall.
I suffer calmly; freely speak your thoughts.
The more I mark your features, more I see
Those of our tyrants, Europe's hated sons.
Drunk with our blood, and greedy of our spoils,
Did you not once assist their cruelties?

Piz. Her pointed speech confounds me to the soul!

(Aside.)

(Confused and ready to discover his name)

Shall I confess it? Fate displays before you—

Zuma. Proceed——

Piz. (Recovering, in an altered tone)

My keen remorse, my bitter tortures.—
I follow'd, in the thickest of the storm,
Those, whom the conquest of a world seduc'd.
My hands were crimson'd with your subjects blood,
Heav'n, to chastise me, here enchains my foot,
And Zuma may, as far as she thinks fit,
Carry her vengeance tow'rs a fallen foe.

Zuma. I do not hide my thoughts; my wounded heart
Nourish'd for years the passion of revenge;
'Gainst every Spaniard was its fury turn'd,
But hatred rages in my breast no more.
'Twas fate impell'd you to assist their arms:
An humbl'd enemy is soon forgiven:
Yet there is one my clemency excepts,
Happy if ever I can meet with him,—
Pizarro's son! If that inhuman wretch,
To Zuma too well known, pin'd on this shore,
My bosom would become inflexible.
Fifteen long years have pass'd since that sad day,
When faintly by the taper's light I saw him
Seeking my husband, whom our butchers spar'd:
Mad from his brows to pluck the diadem,
I saw him plunge a poinard in his heart.

Piz. Pizarro, say you?—

Zuma. Aye—on him my rage
Would wreak the deepest transports of revenge.

Piz. (aside) I am no longer master of myself,
She cannot possibly remember me!

(Aloud) I pity you, and I condemn Pizarro.
 But if you knew his conflicts at this hour,
 The evils four misfortune show'rs on him,
 Far from increas'ing, you'd regret his pains.
 You are enough reveng'd!

Zuma. 'Tis then from you
 I learn a story that has made me happy.
 This welcome news is grateful to my soul,
 It makes me wish to sooth your sufferings,
 And now I feel sincere concern for you.

A daughter of the Inca's purest blood,
 Its last surviving hope, this happy day
 Unites to the dear youth who stands before you.
 Let his felicity suspend your grief,
 He will unite with me to make you happy,

Piz. He will be blest'd then with her hand?

Zuma. He will.

Zel. The pleasing hope to sooth your cares alone
 Suspended for awhile the hour of joy.
 But now I go to summon my brave friends,
 To witness the design'd solemnity.
 Rest here, my mother will attend your wants,
 And let no tears disgrace the festival
 Her goodness has provided for her son.

Piz. Too generous beings, I accept your offers;
 But let this ever persecuted heart,
 Whose past misfortunes are now chang'd to joy,
 Alone some moments recollect itself!

Zel. We shall respect your sorrows and retire.

Zuma. I hasten to my daughter, thanking heav'n,
 Whose equity in this propitious day
 Does innocence avenge, and guilt repay.
(Exit Zuma and Zelislar)

SCENE IV.

PIZARRO alone.

Piz. Officious kindness, ill-tim'd hour of pity!
 My shame, alas! will be the sole result.
 Love then has thrown me in my victim's pow'r,
 Love undertakes Pizarro's punishment.
 He seeks me at the confines of the world,
 And in the hollow rocks has forg'd my chains.
 A burdensome existence I must hold
 From those who justly hate my very name.
 To crown my miseries a generous lover
 Points out the charms that I myself admire,
 The object that I wish to call my own.
 Generous! my rival! what the savage youth!—
 I must respect him, yet against my will.
 My choler rises. Was thy conscious heart,
 Pizarro, form'd to hate the name of virtue?
 Ere the mad frenzy of these flames thou knew'st,
 Fraternal love alone engag'd thy thought.
 Helpless and hopeless now to see thy friends,
 Where thou shed'st blood would'st thou solicit love?
 O be thyself again, let justice reign;
 The clime that saw thy guilt must see thy sufferings.

'Tis here—O vain confession! it displays
Its impotency, not my penitence.

*(He traverses the stage furiously, mean time the
tempest, heard at a distance, bursts forth.—
The stage darkened)*

But what dark veil hangs low'ring o'er the deep?
The winds are loos'd;—'tis night! the heavens groan!
Amidst the forked lightnings vivid flash
I see tall vessels ride the swelling waves.
Beneath yon shelt'ring rocks they shun the storm.
Some Spanish chiefs have gain'd the friendly shore;
I fly to their assistance. Hope awakes,
And future joy from horror's bosom takes.

Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A beautiful view of Rocks, &c. near the
Cavern.*

PIZARRO and FERNANDEZ.

Fern. **W**HAT losses does this happy day repair!
Heav'n to our troops, restores Pizarro's son,

How do we bless the storm and friendly winds,
 Whose fury blew us to this desert coast !
 But there is something that suspends your joy ;
 Or whence the sorrow that your looks portray ?
 You sigh, my lord ; your eyes, your footsteps wander
 In silent consternation o'er this clime.
 Yon wild retreat, that solitary cave
 Seems but the haunt of monsters of the wood,
 Never till now beheld by human eye.

Piz. O my Fernandez, would that heaven's wrath
 Had doom'd Pizarro to the savage beasts,
 And freed him from the tortures he endures !

Fern. What mean these words ?

Piz. Listen and pity me :—
 You know what motive led me to this clime ;
 My days exposing to their former storms,
 Why I refought the borders of Peru.
 My father learnt, from some obscure reports,
 This shore conceal'd the youngest of his sons,
 And, in his dying moments, made me swear
 T' attempt the fathoming of the mystery.
 I sail'd, but persecuting fortune's frown
 Involves in deeper shades a brother's fate.
 Far from my fleet, divided by the winds,
 My vessel founder'd on the stormy waves :
 After a long and dreadful train of hardships
 Myself alone attain'd the fatal shore,
 When suddenly a voice alarm'd mine ear :
 Friendless, alone, it only rous'd my fears.
 I stopp'd, and by a tuft of trees conceal'd,

Observ'd the features of a forest youth :
 Some new emotion struck me at this sight,
 The sure forerunner of approaching evil.
 A striking beauty at his side appear'd,
 A treasure nature gave this barb'rous soil :
 Both, in the blooming spring of early youth,
 Breath'd gentlest love, and peace, and innocence.
 The heavens for them renew'd those blissful days
 That man in fair creation's morning knew :
 Their charms untainted by corroding cares,
 Blameless and pure, they liv'd without alarms,
 And both in their ingenuous looks preserv'd
 The first impressions of their maker, God.
 Shall I confess it?—Whether it was fate,
 Or folly, or the ceaseless wrath of heav'n,
 This sight, that daily from yon rocks I view'd,
 Was a sad snare insidious love had plann'd.
 At first I thought a higher sentiment
 Drew my respect towards their innocence :
 But soon their mutual passion in my breast
 Awaken'd sighs and kindl'd raging flames.
 With my young rival I was sore incens'd,
 His peaceful happiness increas'd my pain.
 Oftimes I thought to tear her from his arms,
 Respect and love himself restrain'd the deed.
 Thus have I spent a month upon the coast,
 A secret witness of such tort'ring bliss,
 Supporting the sad burden of my chains,
 Consuming hunger, and the parching heats
 That sharpen the keen edge of jealousy,

And add new fuel to the dang'rous fire.
 'Twas but this day that a new impulse urg'd me
 To seek their presence, and descend the rocks.

You see yon cavern, at the mountain's foot?
 'Tis in that dark recess, a tomb of nature,
 A God, of such bright objects surely jealous,
 Buries the fairest pair he ever form'd.
 Surpriz'd at me, but mov'd at my distress,
 Their pity has subdu'd the voice of fear,
 And, unsuspecting of my ardent love,
 They mutually have offer'd me their friendship.
 So well the human heart, by vice unstain'd,
 Of divine goodness wears the genuine stamp.

Fern. Your cares will cease, since fate restores your
 friends,
 And sheds a milder influence on your love,
 Our ardour——

Piz. Hold!—an unresisting passion
 Is not the only danger I'm expos'd to.
 The beauty that enslaves me, for whom thus
 Spain and the universe I have forgot,
 Will never listen to my amorous vows.
 This hand committed murder on her race,
 And sharp'ning hatred's pointed sting against me,
 Her mother's present in this desert wild,—
 Her mother, my severest, justless foe:
 To sum up all—'twas Zuma, gave her being.

Fern. What are your hopes then? Fly this fatal
 place,
 And show Pizarro to your mourning friends.

Your watchful foldiers, close by yonder rocks,
Collect the ships that have escap'd the storm :
Let us abandon this unhappy shore.

Piz. And shall Pizarro fly, and tamely bear
The cruel pangs of tort'ring jealousy ?
Do you not know that love has ever found
This heart to its impressions all alive ?
The Spaniard, proud e'en of his jealousy,
Disdains to quit the treasure he aspires to.
Midst perils, bolder grown by obstacles,
We chase the objects that allure our sense.
Love, to thy pow'ful empire I submit,
And kiss the very dart that pierces me.
In these lone deserts I am tir'd of seeking
A brother, fate has purpos'd to conceal :
Fate makes me faithless to a father's will,
Consuming me with flames its wrath has kindl'd.
Or is it here perhaps a deeper blow—
Let us prevent it by the first attempt.
Since time from Zuma's memory has eras'd
The features and the form of him she hates,
Th' oblivion is propitious to my hopes.
My rival then shall feel Pizarro's pow'r.
What, shall their passive love, in peace begun,
That cold attention kindles but by halves,
Triumph o'er mine, that has been fed with sighs,
And swell'd by deep constraint and keen desire ?
No,—I will blast at once their hateful union ;
I feel the fury of my rising passions,
I am Pizarro still :—their mutual love
To me is an unpardonable insult.

Fern. But if kind fortune, watchful of your good,
 From Zuma's memory could erase your form,—
 If the imperious hand of love himself
 Would thus unite you to your ancient foes,
 To conquer them employ superior arms.
 Ambition is an universal charm.
 Peru's rich throne is still beneath your pow'r,
 Tell Zuma her lost rights shall be restor'd,
 And meriting whatever you aspire to,
 With her consent secure yourself a crown.

Piz. The counsel's wife, and I will follow it.
 Go, carefully collect our friends; the few
 That have escap'd the fury of the storm.
 But tell them to respect yon savage cave,
 It holds an object dearer than my life.
 If possible I will not win her heart
 By bloodshed, but I need much eloquence
 T' induce her mother to make me its Lord.
 Zuma approaches. She's disturb'd—retire.

Fern. With your brave soldiers shortly I return.

(*Exit Fern.*)

SCENE · II.

PIZARRO and ZUMA.

Zuma. Whoe'er thou art dispel my rising fears.
 The woods re-echo with the din of arms.

I saw myself a barb'rous train of soldiers,
 The tempest's refuse, wand'ring on the shore.
 A tender care has to the neighb'ring tribe
 Led brave Zeliskar, who alone cou'd shield us.
 Will you then be our friend?

Piz. Be not alarm'd :

Zuma, 'tis not for you to harbour fear.
 Too long have I conceal'd my bosom's thoughts,
 But fortune, that now cheers me with her smiles,
 Has to my wishes, on this desert soil,
 Restor'd my brave companions from the sea.
 They give my gratitude an ample scope.
 Forget your cares, forget your deep revenge ;
 All shall be chang'd, the late long dreaded foe
 Shall raise your walls, now mould'ring in the dust,
 And on your brows replant the diadem.

Zuma. No, I have felt the pond'rous weight too
 long.

Far e'en from envying its deceitful sweets,
 Who once has known its cares, will pity those
 Condemn'd to wear the bauble of a crown.
 My present peace, that I so soon may lose,
 Has ever scorn'd to dwell with regal pomp.
 Friendship and kings are very far estrang'd ;
 Blind favors tend to make ungrateful friends.
 When they have subjects, worthy of their love,
 They are remov'd or willingly retire ;
 Envy and malice drive them from the court.
 Let then our tyrants find these sad effects,
 I scorn the favors of the foes I hate.—

Pardon these words; they do not aim at you.
 The privilege of sorrow is complaint.
 You know that for your sake I have withheld
 The arrow vengeance destin'd for your life;
 Nor did I ev'n indeed avail myself
 Of any lawful right to encrease your sufferings.
 Deign then, I ask you, if that power you have,
 To lead those soldiers from our calm retreat.
 Shall not the silent gloomy haunt of beasts
 Afford a poor asylum to the wretched!
 Away then, let my throbbing bosom see
 Some sparks of virtue still adorn a foe.

Piz. Since in your fight I only have found grace,
 Since pity to repentment has succeeded,
 For your lov'd subjects, for your child, at least,
 Accept the offers of a generous heart.
 Learn how far fate, that nothing can withstand,
 Has made you mistress of an enemy;—
 Your enemy no more. A daughter's charms
 Have burst the barrier hatred had impos'd,
 And from her countenance I drew the flames,
 The secret fire that preys upon my vitals—
 Confusion overwhelms me whilst I speak,
 Before you lowly do I bend my knees:
 Zuma, you have enslav'd your conqueror.
 Love triumphs, cancelling every past offence,
 Here let him, at the confines of the earth,
 Unite two hearts divided by the seas;
 Let him disarm proud Europe, and let peace
 Wave her fair banners round the happy globe,

Zuma. Strange project! gracious heav'n, how strange
an union!

I willingly forget your adverse arm
Was of our first distress the fatal tool,
But that your guilty love would thus requite,
The friendship and the pity you experienc'd,
And from Zeliskar ravish in an hour
The prize that constancy reserv'd for love!
Ingrate! what odious form will you assume?
I once rely'd upon your gratitude!
This is the European's sense of justice.

Pix. You then reject the service of a foe,
The favors of an humbled conqueror?

Zuma. Your favors!

Pix. Ha!—but yet awhile be calm! (*aside*)
Zuma, arouse not hatred from its slumber.
I know no measure when my hopes are blasted,
You are not conscious whom you thus offend.

Zuma. I know thee, cease barbarian, to dissemble.
Malice is bursting from thy wicked heart.
To judge not of our many conquests wrong,
In one same balance we must weigh them all.

Pix. *Zuma,* you wrong me deeply, wrong a heart,
More dreadful, and more ready to revenge,
Since it has but to will; when better known,
I find it must meet only your disdain.

Zuma. What is thy name then, stranger?—this new
insult,
Join'd to the marks that passion has portray'd,
Makes me believe—just heaven, avert my horror!

My senses are appall'd with sudden fear!
 Answer? dost thou turn pale? thou wilt not speak!
 Thou art asham'd to name thyself!—'tis so!
 Suspicions black as night assail my lips,
 They tremble at the name they must pronounce.
 But what are these?—

SCENE III.

PIZARRO, ZUMA, FERNANDEZ and Spaniards

Fern. I have obey'd your orders.
 Your faithful and impatient troops, my Lord,
 No longer could contain their boundless joy,
 And come to join the chief whose death they mourn'd.

Zuma. Their chief! why did I doubt? Pizarro's son!
 Stern hatred told me.

Piz. Yes,—I am Pizarro,
 That spilt your blood, and whom avenging heav'n
 Bids tremble in your fight with love and rage.
 Punish me then; you may, but dread to utter
 Words that would pierce me to the very heart.
 Dread lest despair should make me fling on you
 The darts that heav'n has launch'd against Pizarro.

Zuma. Shade of my husband that perceiv'ft my ire,
 Thou whom his fall drew next, my country's God,
 Shades of my subjects injur'd but too long,
 Heaven is just, and has aveng'd you all!
 E'en in the sleep of death ye taste of joy!

And thou, fond love, that fate alone inspir'd,
 Thou, that dragg'st every where to th' altars foot
 Th' oppressor and th' oppress'd, both weak alike,
 O! revenge Zuma of Pizarro's deeds,
 And plunge thy darts into his hated bosom!
 There is a cruel one, a dart thy wrath
 Oft fixes deeply in the jealous heart,
 And be it his this day!—When he perceives
 My child receive the rival youth she loves,
 Then let him die with madness! strike him, love,
 Tho' I were doom'd to perish that same instant!

Piz. All my respect at this presumption's gone.
 Soldiers, obey Pizarro; stop these threats.
 Pierce the deep gloom of yonder hideous cave,
 And bear away the object of my love.
 Away!

(Zuma throws herself before the cavern)

Zuma. Alas! forgive her trembling mother:
 Forgive the frantic fallies of her voice.
 Unmov'd, can'st thou behold those savage troops
 Grasp, with their blood-stain'd hands, my tender child,
 And drag her dying from her mother's eyes?
 If to the shrieks of woe thine ears are deaf,
 Oh! spare at least the object of thy love!
 'Tis thou who, where thou found'st so many charms,
 Would'st bring the pangs of terror and despair?
 Amidst the tranquil deserts, happiness
 As yet around Azelia sweetly smiles,
 Pizarro, must she to thy passion owe
 Misfortunes, that she never might have known?

Piz. What words are these? 'tis your's to calm my
rage;
Oh, how you taunt me with severe reproof!
But see, she comes.
(*Azelia enters terrified, and runs to Zuma.*)

SCENE IV.

PIZARRO, ZUMA, AZELIA, FERNANDEZ and Troops.

Aze. My mother!

Zuma. My Azelia!

Come and enfold thy loving arms in mine,
And seek thy only comfort in my bosom.

Aze. Alas! what unknown dangers threaten me!
Who are the savage strangers I perceive?
In their fierce looks in vain I seek the God
That after his own image form'd mankind.
No, I read in them other sentiments.
But see their fury on a sudden stops,
They cannot brook the pity we inspire.
Where is Zeliskar?

Zuma. Be more calm, Azelia.—

Her burning tears begin to stream with mine;
Monsters, can ye withstand such powerful arms?
Will nothing stop you? not our painful sighs?—

(*the Spaniards advance*)

Ha! you would tear her from her dying mother?

Piz. Stop, friends.

(*a silence ensues*)

Zuma. Azelia, let us fly, my love.
Th' auspicious pow'r of heav'n has check'd their rage.
Come, and maternal love shall shelter thee ;
It conquers strength, and it appalls the bold,
It draws responsive sounds from hearts of steel.
O! just and terrible God, complete thy work ;
Before their frightened eyes thou shew'ft the pals ;
I follow thee.

(Exit Zuma and Azelia)

SCENE V.

PIZARRO and Spaniards.

Piz. Brave Spaniards, it is you
Must once again restore the hopes I lost.

This scene I could not without tears sustain,
And to your zeal may put a stop again :
Haste then, pursue them : be it your's to wed
Love, pity, keen remorse and silent dread.

*(Exit soldiers one way after Zuma,
Piz. and Fern. another.)*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A view of the Country.*

ZUMA *Alone.*

Zuma. MY daughter! O despair! unhappy mother!

Barbarians, to rob Zuma of her life!
They tore my child away, and this weak arm
Could not revenge the inj'ry in their blood.
I could not follow them! a fruitless search
Drives me where chance directs my wand'ring steps.
Was it in such a horrid wood as this
My child's sweet days and mine could flow so happy?
Night, and despair, and horror chill my soul.
Zeliskar comes not! I am left to tears!
The life he owes me is a life of sorrow.
He shuns me!—but I wrong his gen'rous bosom,
See where he hastens, breathing joy and love.

SCENE II.

ZUMA, ZELISKAR and Peruvians.

Zel. Felicity conducts me back to Zuma,
Nor will it more desert us. These kind friends

Will witness my approaching nuptials.

But where's Azelia? what portend those tears?

Zuma. Azelia's torn from us by robbers!

Zel. Oh!—

But how?—

Zuma. Pizarro's here!—is at our doors,

Furious, environ'd, by a host of foes.

'Twas he whose artful sighs deceiv'd us both.

Learn by these marks the author of my wrongs

'Tis for my child he burns; fierce ravishers

Obej'd his lawless will, and bore her off.

Zel. The monster!—and I fondly thought it grief.

Dear shall he rue the pity he miss'd!

(*To the Peruvians*) To vengeance, friends, these vain
regrets avail not.

Pluck off yon boughs, the weapons of the woods;

Let us chastize this daring insolence,

And rescue fair Azelia from his arms.

Zuma. You fly to ruin not to victory.

How shall this little host alone prevail?

Go rather find their chief: tell him our wrongs;

Let a whole people range beneath your standard;

Pizarro cannot now escape from us,

The adverse winds impede his swelling sails.

By yonder path that leads towards the beach

I'll wait him, and will try to curb my passion.

Against a foe, that is above the law,

All stratagems are lawful; but I hate them,

And I will punish him for driving me

To this necessity.

Zel. Mean time my care
Shall raise a host of warriors round his head.
(*Exit Zel. and Peruvians*)

SCENE III.

ZUMA alone.

Zuma. Sprung from our tyrants, yet I call him son.
O heaven for their ruin nerve his arm,
And for thyself preserve in these rude wilds
Some blameless hearts on whom thou may'st look down
Benignly. Hark! 'tis well; Pizarro bends
Towards me: then my pray'rs are heard—my friends
Are safe—they pass unseen—but yet my plans
May fail by his escape. To keep him then
We must with well-feigned hopes amuse his ear.
Can I? He is alone; my weeping child's
Distracting fears I shall not need to combat.
Enough I hate him to conceal that hate.

SCENE IV.

ZUMA and PIZARRO.

Piz. Zuma! 'tis love alone that leads me back,
Blaming the hasty transports I indulg'd,
And adding to his flames severe remorse.

Blest in the sweet possession of Azelia,
 I might defy all storms, and bear her off,
 Revenge my late repulse, despise your tears,
 And leave the woods to your superfluous cries.
 But on myself alone I wreak revenge.
 Already, to chastize my late misdeed,
 Since I have held your daughter in my pow'r,
 I have deny'd myself her pleasing fight.
 I now do more, restore a mother's rights,
 And expect happiness from your consent.
 To you I fain would owe return to virtue.
 Complete the work that love has thus commenc'd,
 And learn that the disgrace of a refusal,
 May make me ever deaf to virtue's voice,
 That oftentimes the deepest guilt proceeds
 From penitence unheeded and disdain'd.

Zuma. My lord, I——

Piz. Hither, by my orders led,
 Your daughter too shall hear my doom pronounc'd.

Zuma. My daughter!—

Piz. Weigh our mutual interests,
 And to determine mark which beam perpend,
 She comes.

Zuma. Unhappy girl, thy tender mother
 Must wound thy gentle unsuspecting heart!
 What conflicts will dissimulation raise?
 But it must be!

SCENE V.

PIZARRO, ZUMA, AZELIA, and Guards.

Aze. Whither are you leading me?
Is my poor mother torn from me for ever?

Zuma. No, my child, no—their violence shall soon
Meet a—but peace! be firm, my rising heart! (*aside*)

Piz. Zuma, pronounce the sentence of my fate.

Zuma. (*Anxiously regarding her daughter while she speaks*)

Zuma has felt the folly of denial.
Innocence surely was reserv'd for you
To burst the fatal bonds of enmity.
'Tis not for me to blame the will of heav'n,
That sends protectors when we dreaded tyrants;
That honoring with propitious smiles our clime,
Makes love his agent here to fix Pizarro.
But wait till her reluctance is o'ercome.
My daughter! Tears bedew her pallid cheeks.
My spirits are oppress'd: ah, poor Azelia!

Aze. Impossible! It was not you that spoke!

Piz. Obey your mother, in a conqueror's arms,
Glory recalls you to your ancient crown;
Enjoy the triumph beauty has acquir'd,
To mend the morals, curb th' unruly will,
And breathe its softness into minds that yet
Have never known to bend. Wearing your fetters,

Upon the throne, that you shall spread with blessings,
 My heart, repenting of the woes I caus'd,
 Will be entirely chang'd from what it was,
 And court the virtue that your charms adorn:
 Long, very long I liv'd the child of guilt,
 Speak but the word, Pizarro is reform'd.

Aze. Trembling, and all amaz'd at what I hear,
 Scarce can I credit these alarming sounds.
 Against me would ev'n nature arm itself,
 Make me the wages of my country's woes,
 Unite me to the murd'rer of my fire?
 No: never did I hear these sentiments,
 It was my terror only whisper'd them.
 Zuma, to virtue by your precepts train'd,
 My soul breathes all your native excellence.
 Be then my judge, and answer for a heart,
 Whose love Pizarro rudely dares to claim.

Zuma. My daughter! That she could but read my
 eyes! (*aside*)

Piz. No, these excuses never can avail.
 Your sorrow for a fallen father only
 Breathes scorn to me, and favor to a rival.
 I lost a brother in our first disputes,
 And this has satisfied a father's shade.
 But tell me who this puny rival is?
 What title has he to your kind esteem,
 What rank, what honors?—

Aze. Virtue, innocence,
 For such are rank and grandeur in our woods.
 Azelia owes Zeliskar all her love;

The link that binds us with our lives begun,
 Zuma, e'en from our cradles, took delight
 In cherishing the growing seeds of fondness.
 'Tis he alone—distraction! whilst my voice
 Utters this language and asserts his right,
 Perhaps a victim to your guilty pride,
 A captive also, I pronounce his doom.
 Speak, for the horrid thought o'erpowers my senses,
 And drives bewilder'd reason from her seat.
 Who will console forlorn Azelia?

My mother!—all are silent—Woe is me!

Zuma. It is too much to hear her sufferings!
 Thy soul, Azelia's worthy of thy mother's.
 Zeliskar lives, and lives in liberty;
 My happy vigilance secur'd his courage.
 Hark! I already hear amidst the woods
 The shouts of vengeance, terrible to guilt.

Piz. Zuma!

Zuma. There is no longer need to feign.
 My brave defenders are beyond thy reach.

Piz. Traitors!

Zuma. And did Pizarro think that Zuma
 Would sacrifice her child to him? He might!—
 But Zuma has conceal'd the blow she plann'd,
 And if her fortitude has bow'd at last,
 At least she robb'd him of the hours he needs
 To arm against Zeliskar and his friends.
 Call it a weak or a perfidious deed,
 To you I scorn to justify it; and that name,
 The name of traitress, which my soul abhors,

I willingly accept to be reveng'd
Of you, Pizarro.

Piz. These Peruvian friends
Are then your mighty hopes? Not smoke itself
Shall vanish sooner. Range the forests, soldiers,
And let your thunder pour its deadly bolts
On these avengers,—falling by your arms,
Now shall they see if weakness such as theirs
Can cope with us.

(To an officer, pointing to Zuma)
Away with that vile object!

Aze. Ha! dar'ft thou?—O my mother!—

Piz. Bear her off!—

Zuma. Hope still, Azelia. Lawless pillager—
Fetter my hands with chains, my heart shall yet
Exult in all its native liberty.

(Exit Zuma and Spaniards.)

SCENE VI.

PIZARRO and AZELIA.

*(Azelia goes to follow her mother, Pizarro detains
her, she draws back a few steps, and falls on
her knees)*

Aze. Finish at once my sorrows and my life,
Can nothing bend the fierceness of Pizarro?

(Pizarro raises her)

The torrents of my tears shall not prevent
 My words from reaching your obdurate heart.
 Would it be virtue in another clime
 Thus to resist them, and to brave the pray'rs,
 To shut the ears against misfortune's cry?
 No, I can never think this joy exists,
 For pity touches the most savage breast,
 And nature's language every where's the same.
 I read a dawning pity in your eyes.
 Involuntary crimes have made you start.
 Repentance comes, it speaks, it can restore.
 Esteem, when softer sentiments must fail.
 The mother, daughter, subjects will forget,
 If you repent, their wrongs and your offence.—
 Why turn away, why seek to hide those tears?
 O they have charms beyond what you can think.
 Be but the glorious conqu'ror of yourself,
 More than a lover, be the first of friends.

Piz. O how the sweetness of her voice enchants me!
 'Tis virtue speaks by her ingenuous lips;—
 I feel myself compell'd—Cruel! beware,
 Exert not thus thy fatal pow'r against me.
 O wond'rous empire of a timid sex,
 If truly it commands when it implores,
 If to dispose of hearts it only needs
 To drop some tears from its enchanting eyes!
 Those tears add fuel to the dang'rous flame.
 Cannot?—

SCENE VI.

PIZARRO, AZELIA, FERNANDEZ, and Spaniards.

Fern. My lord, the voice of danger summons you.
A numerous troop of hostile savages
Already riots in the blood of Spain.
They gather from all sides. Death seconds them;
But in our chains their desperate chief's secur'd,
Who, willing to avoid our chastizement,
Seeks in your name t' appease his conquerors,
And to our soldiers swears this desert shore,
Among its rocks, conceals your long-lost brother;
That he is living here—

Piz. My brother, sayst thou?
This news may for a time suspend my plans.
'Tis thou, O love, within my perjurd bosom
That would'st betray the sacred calls of nature!
If I have bow'd to thy tyrannic pow'r
O save a much-lov'd brother from my foes.
I should prevent them— (*speaking to his troops*)

You are answerable
For this fair lady.—Mean time, good Fernandez,
Speak to this Cacique, let your well-known prudence
Unveil th' important secret to me only.
Go!—

Fern. No, I follow you; in this rude storm
You shall not thus alone expose yourself.

Fierce thro' the rocks, thro' fire, and death itself,
Encouraging the ardour of his friends,
Zeliskar comes to win back his belov'd.
Thunder against such multitudes is useless.
At every step their numbers seem to grow.

Piz. March, we must conquer, and not count the foe.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A forest.*

ZELISKAR, AZELIA, and *Peruvians.*

Zel. **D**EAREST Azelia, are you then restor'd?
Love has preserv'd my life for your defence.
O be the gentle sharer of my joy;
And terror let our tyrants only feel,

(To the Peruvians)

Generous supporters of our glorious arms,
Friends—worthy friends—you fought and you have
conquer'd.

Heaven bend upon us thy indulgent eyes,
 For innocence has triumph'd over guilt
 The fairest fight that virtue can enjoy.
 But why these sighs, Azelia?—they distress me.

Aze. O, my Zeliskar, my whole heart is your's.
 The dangers you have lately brav'd for me
 Have bound my heart to you in stronger chains.
 But horror chequers this delightful hour.
 Where is my mother? tell me,—is she safe?
 Alas! she groans beneath the tyrant's pow'r,
 And nature blushes at the smiles of love.
 The Gods shield only innocence by halves;
 We must forego our union for her sake.

Zel. Let not thy bosom harbour these alarms.
 The bare suspicion would renew my pain.
 A numerous troop of our companions still
 Combat for Zuma's rescue near yon rocks.
 Can I to others venture your defence?
 But it was Zuma that preserv'd Zeliskar,
 And she must owe her safety to his arm.
 O cruel conflict, how it rends my soul!
 Gratitude!—Love!—O why do ye thus clash?
 The hour of woe was ne'er so keen as this.

Aze. Perils environ us on every side,
 And terror chills my heart. If I am dear,
 O pity my distress, and seek my mother!
 I follow you, e'en in the thickest woods,
 Fearless of every thing with my Zeliskar.
 My faithful heart, does on a lover's arm,
 More than on thousands place its confidence.

Your life as well as mine belongs to Zuma,
And nature's rights precede the rights of love.

Zel. Zuma has conquer'd: with delight I yield
To sweet Azelia and our mutual fears:
I fly to save her, yes, it is my duty.
Follow me not, but seek the deepest woods.
Friends, guard her from our hated tyrant's sight.
Not dearer is the fountain of my life
Than the lov'd object trusted to your care.
O, my Azelia, must we part again?
Adieu!—

Aze. My heart sincerely feels your conflicts.

Zel. Oh, take her from my arms, friends!

Aze. 'Tis too much!—

Think of my mother's sad captivity.

Zel. I will—But ha!—mark where my furious rival
Over expiring corse bends his way.
We must preserve Azelia from his hands.
Friends, in this danger, it is our's to wait,
Less ready to attack than to defend.
Plant yourselves round me.

SCENE II.

ZELISKAR, AZELIA, and Peruvians; PIZARRO, and Spaniards.

Piz. Fury—there they are!
Audacious rival, tremble at thy joy.

The measure of thy woes is now complete.
Thy mother's life is wholly in my pow'r,
A thousand insults spur me to revenge.
Restore Azelia to my arms again,
To Zuma's safety make the sacrifice,
Or in her death thy punishment begins.

Aze. Ah!—

Piz. Doubtless at the sight of death e'en Zuma
Will tell thee 'tis a duty to disarm.
Let her appear.

Zel. Friends, what a cruel stroke!

SCENE III.

The same and ZUMA.

*(The scene opens; Zuma appears chained on the brow
of a rock, a troop of Spaniards round her, one of
them holds a drawn sword)*

Zuma. I know Pizarro's hope and thus I answer:
Till now I've brav'd the injuries of fate,
Try if the fear of death can bend my soul.
Unhappy victims, whom the gods abandon
To lordly guilt, if yet I may exact,
And that I surely may, an oath from each
Of sure obedience; promise to observe
What in the hour of death I shall command.

Aze. Yes, by my love, I swear.

Zuma. And you, *Zeliskar*,
Swear also.

Zel. Never did *Zeliskar* yet
Disobey *Zuma*.

Zuma. Hear then my resolve :—
Zeliskar, I am in my rival's pow'r,
But my *Azelia* is in thine. Thy arms
Have won her from the savage monster's grasp.
Whatever plans his cruelty may form,
Bend not, resist them, and preserve my child.
If o'er my bosom gleams the threat'ning sword,
Be firm, and shrink not at the horrid fight ;
I shall behold it with indifference.
This I command, and thou, *Azelia*,
Desert not him to whom thou art betroth'd.
He'll fight for thee, and let thy fortitude
Avenge my death on that detested man.
The bitterest pang that he can ever feel
Will be to see you mutually blest.
Let nothing part you ; if you're doom'd to fall,
Let your last gasp be breath'd before *Pizarro*.
I have your oaths—to break them is a crime.

(To the armed soldier)

Now, soldier, fearless pierce thy victim's bosom.

Axe. My mother !

Zel. Why impose these fatal oaths ?

Zuma !

Piz. Fierce, *Zuma*, dread my deep revenge.
Your own hard heart has justly steel'd *Pizarro's*.

No bridle, no regard restrains me more.
Now, soldier, plunge the sword into her heart.

Aze. Barbarian!

Zuma. Daughter, turn away thine eyes.

Piz. Strike!

(Azelia goes from Zeliskar to Pizarro)

Aze. It is nature calls me to her aid,
She cancels every empty oath we made.

Zel. Come on, my friends.

Piz. Stop, or the sword again.

Aze. It is for us he feels, attack him thus
And you will conquer. Be it so! Not here
Shall nature be betray'd. His generous love
Will not permit him to encrease my pains.
But what my fear has on that love impos'd,
Adds, tho' you part us, to my constancy.

Zel. Yes, to save Zuma I resign Azelia;
Terror has chain'd me to this hated place.
But thou, whose threats prevail'd o'er manly courage,
Who tak'st th' advantage of my filial love,
The master of a treasure not thine own,
Blush at thyself, thou dar'st not fight for it.
Command these objects hence, whose sight alone
Recalls the horror that I lately felt,
The tender daughter, the maternal breast,
O'er which the threat'ning sword still seems to hang,
Snatch them from murder and the chance of war,
And then we'll fight, and valour shall at least
Excuse thy treachery, or avenge my wrongs.
Speak—dread'st thou to consent?

Piz. It shall be so.

Easy on what my bosom valu'd most,
Now shall thy hatred have full scope to act,
And courage only shall obtain the fair.
Soldiers, away!

Zuma. Just heav'n, protect my son.

(Exit Zuma and Aze. with Guards)

Zel. Now then, barbarian, thou shalt pierce my
heart.

Or I pierce thine.—Come on!

(they draw)

SCENE IV.

PIZARRO, ZELISKAR and FERNANDEZ.

Fern. Restrain this fury.

Wretched Zeliskar! you, Pizarro, hearken,
And spare yourselves the anguish of remorse.
I come to save you both from horrid guilt.
Believe me, were you mutually known,
Either would shed his blood to expiate it.

Zel. Guilt! O my God!

Piz. And shall I stay my arm?

Fern. (to Pizarro) If any ought to tremble, it is
you.

You know the oaths a father has exacted,
The mystery also that your restless mind
Press'd me to force from this Peruvian chief.
He could not hide it from my careful search.

Uncertain what your pleasure may decree,
 I dare not tell it in your rival's presence.
 But in this horrid contest I must say
 That against Spanish blood you both are arm'd.

Piz. More what's to come alarms me! say no more.

Zel. And what is this same Spanish blood to me?
 Far from the parents bred that gave me life,
 Where I found love I found my family.
 This wood's my country, and the stranger's friend
 Who taught me virtue, is indeed my mother.
 A fellow citizen's, or a Spaniard's name,
 Is that a tie sufficient to restrain
 The blows of vengeance on the head of guilt?
 Before you taught me I should fear mankind
 I reckon'd every man my fellow creature.
 You robb'd me of a bosom form'd for love,
 And in its room instill'd your venomous passions.
 Your manners make me hate my native soil,
 Therefore my arm shall not now hesitate.

Piz. But there are firmer and more sacred ties,
 Form'd to unite the wildest of mankind,
 That in regretting even I revere.

Zel. Ties! what new thought is this? 'tis strange
 indeed!

Is it a crime that can indeed dissuade?—
 It must be dreadful! it appalls Pizarro.

Piz. And it has made you tremble,

Zel. Well it might!

Proceed then, and more fully let me know?—

(to Fern.)

Piz. Beware!

Zel. I do insist on't—

Piz. Let us first

Remove the jealous obstacle of love,
Whose future sentence will decide our fate.

This moment of suspended fight perhaps,
Zeliskar, may not be entirely lost.

I must be freed of all uncertainties,
And I will question the Peruvian chief.

Whatever he unfolds, or I resolve,
I never will forsake these fatal shores
Without imparting it; the choice shall then
Be your's to combat, or obey my will.

Zel. And must I then consent to this delay?
Give me your oath.

Piz. Take it. Azelia, too

My captains, pledges of that oath, shall keep,
A sacred charge the conqu'ror shall enjoy.
Friends, let your honor pledge what I engage:

Zel. Azelia's love I count the surest pledge;
Her heart's a blessing that you cannot keep.
Reflection, that from virtue draws its source,
Decides me: go, and meditate on crimes.

Piz. If love commands them, they are lawful crimes.
Triumph awhile, but tremble, I foresee
To some abyss I drag you after me.

(*Exit Piz. Fern. and Spaniards*)

SCENE V.

ZELISKAR and Peruvians.

Zel. My doubts are heighten'd by his parting speech.
 O virtue what wilt thou direct my bosom?
 With trembling recollection, I recal
 Some words by Zuma and Pizarro dropt.
 When chance first led him to our mutual fight
 He fought t' unveil a long-lost brother's fate.
 To credit Zuma, 'midst our tyrant's race,
 The chief, they mention, knew my parents well.
 And must I in a brother lose the rights
 Of vengeance on a hated rival's head?
 But what resolve, since e'en so dear a name
 That very rival's fury could suspend?
 Was he the first to point the model out,
 The model of a heart, in spite of love,
 Obedient to the higher ties of blood?
 Well, come what will, I saw his courage mov'd,
 And innocence shall never hesitate.
 I hear its voice, and I reply to it.

(To the Peruvians)

Friends, in yon rocks a deep inclosure lies,
 That from the Spaniards, ignorant of their paths,
 Shall with my care, preserve you from alarms,
 There, free from danger, I will meditate
 What future steps are best to be pursued.

Whatever my designs, I pledge my word
To form not one unworthy of myself.

That springs not from a heart, pure, firm, and brave,
Neither to weakness, nor to guilt, a slave.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

(Same as the last)

PIZARRO and Spaniards.

Piz. **T**HUS all conspires a secret to unfold,
Unknown to Zuma, fatal to my hopes.
My rival is my brother, who conceals
In these wild rocks a foe to murder me.
Friends, carefully beware of ambushes,
Range both the shelvy rocks and sandy shores:
Zuma too must be guarded, but no more
Depriv'd of liberty; if wholly free
She would pant only for a mad revenge,
Towards Zeliskar bend her furious steps,

And in this country, to ourselves unknown,
Discover where my brother arms his friends.
Observe her then. Amidst these cruel storms

(Exit Spaniards)

Scarce can I bear the torments I endure.

SCENE II.

PIZARRO and FERNANDEZ.

Piz. Friend, why this haste? You bring me news,
perhaps?

Fern. Zeliskar is obedient to your will.

Piz. Ha!—

Fern. He demands an interview alone.

Piz. My utmost wishes will be soon accomplish'd
If once I get Zeliskar in my pow'r.

But can you guess what motive leads him hither?

Fern. My eyes read nothing but disdain in his,
And tho' he seems to form some great design,
Yet in my presence freely he declar'd

He had releas'd our captains from your oath,

And meant to conquer you without a blow.

But recollect that in this barbarous shore

A thousand hidden foes environ you.

Zuma herself, deliver'd from her chains,

May chance t' elude our soldiers vigilance.

Dread those affaffins, who with poison'd darts
May in a moment aim at you unseen.

Piz. And shall the care of life engage my thoughts?
Tir'd of the calls of nature and of love,
I am at the division only struck
That heaven in its avenging wrath has rais'd
Between two brothers. Oh how great, Fernandez,
The contrast in two hearts of one same blood!
On one side innocence, on th' other guilt.
Near the dear object that preserv'd his life
A sun serene smil'd o'er his early youth;
Blest in these wilds, lov'd, worthy to be lov'd,
He liv'd without a slave, he knew no lord.
And what has been my fortune in the world?
A stranger, wandering from clime to clime,
The child of woe, the object of revenge;
The hate of man pursues me e'en to death.
A conqueror's false name I dare assume,
Aspire not to the title of a man.
Love,—love obeys me not, he scorns my pow'r:
O who can love me when I hate myself?
Fernandez listen, let our ships be ready
To leave the shore and plough the foaming waves.
I'll see Zeliskar,—let him meet me here.
I have decided on our destiny.
My oaths unfetter'd bind him to my pleasure.
Let him approach. Dear will the effort cost
To burst the love that deeply humbles me.

(*Exit Fernandez*)

SCENE III.

PIZARRO alone.

Piz. Far from Azelia we must both retreat,
 It is a bliss to him that's lost to hope
 To know at least a rival shares his pain.
 What shall I lose? an object that disdains me,
 Whose mother fills her with corroding gall,
 And who, abandon'd in her turn, at least
 Will mourn the tears that she has cost Pizarro.
 But if he knew the mutual tie of blood
 'Twould give Zeliskar an advantage o'er me.

I will conceal it. Love, without thy fire,
 Him only for a brother I'd desire.

SCENE IV.

PIZARRO and ZELISKAR.

Zel. Why at my sight betray these strange alarms?
 You see me here alone, unarm'd, unshaken.
 The oaths that deadly rancour made us swear
 I cancel, 'tis a God that urges me,
 Whose righteous dictates have condemn'd revenge;
 Who binding me indeed in misery's chain,

Would screen me even from a shade of guilt.
I've spoken, and I come to hear my sentence,
Pizarro, from your lips;—now answer me.

Piz. Learn of a rival then true fortitude.
Fortune henceforth shall join our fates in one:
For new pursuits assume a higher soul.
'Tis time th' injurious barrier to remove
That jealous heav'n has rais'd to veil thy glory.
Bury thy days no more in these wild woods,
But to thy country sacrifice thy love.
Spain now demands us, and my ready ships——

Zel. These, European, then are thine designs!
Thou would'st, in smothering a generous flame,
Gain a companion to thy misery,
And by this most unequal sacrifice
Draw consolation from a rival's woe?
A rival! O! within Pizarro's bosom
Has not heav'n giv'n me a less barb'rous name?
Then why conceal it? I am sure thou feel'st
The rights I might expect from thy remorse.
One I hold sacred, 'tis a willing right,—
Azelia's love;—not life itself so dear!
Observe these forests and this glorious day,
This day, these forests witness'd thy complaints,
And saw my friendly hand allay thy tears.
'Twas here thy sorrows touch'd a feeling heart,
Indulgent pity proffer'd thee her aid.—
I was the pupil of plain simple nature,
And needed not a title more superb

To overcome for thee a mother's fears,
To treat thee as a brother and a man.

Piz. O, spare me! (going)

Zel. Thou shunn'st me now in vain:
This hour, this moment shall decide my fate:
With pleasure I remark those thrilling pangs,
The pow'rful pleaders of the blood that speaks;
I have not then embrac'd a fruitless hope.
O God, that hast begun, complete the work!
But do not think, Pizarro, when thou yield'st
Memory will ever dwell on past affronts.
This heart, which thou alone condemn'st to mourn,
Is still more feeling than unfortunate.
When from thee I obtain a kindred name,
Thou wilt restore Azelia to my pray'rs,
And to requite the miseries thou hast caus'd,
I only ask one pow'r, the pow'r to serve you.

Piz. What have you ask'd?

Zel. That friendship may obtain
What otherwise revenge may quickly seize.

Piz. Thou art a Spaniard, and my oaths once cancell'd,

Henceforth thy fate depends——

Zel. On me alone.

Ingrate! my heart will yield no more than thine.
Thought'st thou a rival came to plead for mercy.

(in a low voice)

A single word, the smallest of my shouts,
Would round thee raise a host of enemies.

Piz. Others thou mayst intimidate, not me,
 This passion is a balsam to my soul;
 From painful pity it releases it,
 Let thy avengers then unite together,
 Alone I'd meet them rather than thy tears.
 Fearless to brave a host of such mad foes
 Pizarro's hand needs only wield a sword.
 Let them appear!—— (drawing his sword)

Zel. Unfeeling mortal, learn
 A sentiment less fierce than that wherewith
 Blind valour would inspire thy stubborn pride.
 Thou think'st me like thyself, but thou'rt deceiv'd;
 Perchance I may to virtue lead thee back,
 But thou shalt never hurry me to vice.
 I speak the truth—the fear of patricide
 Was the sole sentiment that drew me hither,
 Fate would have fill'd the measure of my woes,
 And loaded me with crimes, with chains, or death,
 Chains would disgrace me, guilt is horrible,
 Dar'st thou prevent my last, but sad resource?
 True to my duties, stranger to remorse,
 My choice is made; barbarian! it is death!
 Strike!

Piz. I strike?

Zel. Pierce the heart that pity'd thee,
 And let my blood spilt by thy cruel hands
 Arise between Azelia and thyself.
 This heart she'll own was worthy of her love,
 That by the voice of nature was impell'd,
 And sooner chose to die than risk her wrong.

That, equally intrepid and sincere,
To innocence devotes itself, not thee,
Strike then!

Piz. O virtue! O the force of blood!

Zel. Thou tremblest! arm my courage with thy
sword. *(strives to seize it)*

Give it, my firmer arm—

Piz. This is too much!—

Zel. Traitor! have I then lost the right to die?

Piz. Zelikar!

Zel. I am resolute! *(again striving to seize it)*

Piz. What! would'st thou—

Murder thyself e'en in a brother's arms?

(throws away the sword)

Zel. A brother! O how gentle is the found!

It is remorse that tears it from thy lips?

Piz. And dost thou slight the anguish of my soul?

O what a price will the confession cost!

Nature, by these emotions I perceive

The ties of love are not so strong as thine,

Repay what I shall sacrifice to thee,

Restore what in Azelia I have lost.

I yield, my brother, yet I dare not think

So many wrongs can ever be effac'd.

Yet without anger thou dost look on me,

And kindly preffest this perfidious hand

A thousand times, had heaven prevented not,

Ready to wreak its fury on thy head.

Zel. Lo, how with open arms I pant to meet thee!

Let us embrace, forget our past distress,

And drown our sorrows in sweet tears of joy.

Piz. (embracing him) Yes, all shall be repair'd
throughout these wilds

I fly to spread the happy news of peace.
Do you seek Zuma and disarm her rage.
This self-torn bosom now will give her joy;
At this price satisfy'd, her husband's shade
Will thirst no more for vengeance on the blood
That binds Pizarro to his family. *(Exit)*
Zel. Ah now that malice reigns no more, I breathe—

SCENE V.

ZELISKAR and AZELIA.

(She enters by a different path to what Pizarro took)

Azelia, is it you?

Axe. Heaven guides me hither,
Go join my mother, she has burst our chains.

Zel. And what does she design?

Axe. Into the woods
Cleaving a passage to our generous friends,
Zuma has from our tyrant's rage escap'd,
And soon—

Zel. Good heaven, what is it you say?
Zuma must now renounce her deep revenge.
This day that has so teem'd with violence,
This day of horrors is a prosp'rous day.

Aze. Pizarro, then?—

Zel. Our cares are all dispell'd.

Zuma must pardon every past event.

Our mutual love is freed from all restraints,

Pizarro yielded to the ties of blood.

Forgive a brother— (A confused noise heard)

Ha! what noise is that?

What mournful accents pierce me to the soul?

Piz. (behind the scenes) O Zuma, stay thine hand.

Zuma. (behind the scenes also) Now tyrant, fall,
Behold the stroke of an avenging God!

Zel. (running forward) My mother! Oh! suspend—

SCENE VI.

Zuma appears, with a bow in her hand, at the head of the Peruvians, she stands on the same rock, where, in the fourth Act, Pizarro placed her.

ZUMA, ZELISKAR, PIZARRO, and Peruvians.

Zuma. Friends, follow me,

Of a stern conqu'ror I have purg'd Peru;

Sons of the rocks inhabit them in peace.

(The Peruvians line the rocks and the stage)

Here, on the mountain's brow, on this same spot,

The cruel enemy, whose blood I spilt,

Uprais'd the gleaming falchion to my side.

The heavens to chastize so black a deed,
Have chang'd my scaffold to a glorious throne.

Zel. Alas! what tortures will she soon endure!

Zuma. (*descending the rocks*) Come to my arms my daughter and my son.

Close by the sea there lies a nook, whose entrance
Is to the sun, and to our foes unknown:
There did I animate our friends to arms,
I saw and pierced the fierce oppressor's heart
As he approach'd——

Zel. Ah, Zuma!

Zuma. What shall tears
O'ercloud the fairest moment of our days?
You tremble, by disastrous changes taught,
And dread to be misled by hopes of bliss?
A double victory my arms acquir'd,
T' avenge my husband's injuries and my own.
Go, mark those drops of blood; your good, *Zeliskar*,
Directed to his heart my timid hand.

Zel. And must I wound her bosom with the truth?

Zuma. Ah, see he drags his hateful being hither!

SCENE LAST.

Omnes. *Pizarro enters, supported by FERNANDEZ.*

Piz. Inhuman Zuma, listen to your error:
Heav'n, whose indulgence was entirely spent,
My slow repentance has at length reveng'd,

And I submit to it. Hatred and pride
 Attend not mortals to the silent tomb.
 Had it preserv'd my life, witness that heav'n,
 I would have spent its remnant to your glory.
 Conquer'd by nature, conqueror of love,
 When flying to your arms you pierc'd my heart.
 Zeliskar, thou canst soften misery,
 Come to my arms, and mourn a brother's fate.

Zuma. A brother?

Piz. Zuma, yes! the Indian chief
 Stole him one day of horrors from my father.
 Slaught'ring their victims in this very clime,
 My hands, then young, inur'd themselves to blood.
 Heav'n from that fatal moment has prepar'd
 A just chastizement by the feeblest arm.

Zuma. How will my son behold his wretched mother?

Piz. Pardon the shaft by which a brother fell.
 You that obey'd my ire, and see my fall,
 Spaniards, far, far from here, direct your steps,
 And trouble not the days of innocence.

And thou my brother, with these gentle objects,
 Enjoy the peace these desert wilds afford,
 And never leave them. Nature here exalts
 In purest liberty her simple voice,
 And, candour's ancient stamp preserving still,
 Plants, at the confines of the world, content.

I too am happy, even tho' I die,

To think guilt causes not my parting sigh. (*Dies*)

They gaze round him, and the curtain drops.

F I N I S.

